

**"S'Matter, Pop?"**Copyright, 1912, by the Press Publishing Co.  
(The New York World.)

By C. M. Payne

**HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY.**

**LED** Fork says that in the Craum family the dog is the only one that doesn't eat with a knife.

**The Hedgeville Editor.** If you want a man to be your friend loan him money and when you get tired of his friendship ask him to pay the debt.

**Dr. Watts** says it hurts Henry Plank so much to pay for a meal that the food doesn't do him any good.

**Willie Jones** says he likes to go visiting because every time he does anything at home they tell him it is wrong.

**Harry Penning** never had any relatives while he was living; but it is learned now that he left a large estate.

**Mrs. Harsh** says her husband owes so many of the stores here that he has to send away for all his goods.

"A wife often makes a fool of a man."  
"But she oftener makes a man of a fool."

**P**ASSING through the East End of London, a tourist observed a great crowd of coaters watching a young couple entering a church, obviously with the intention of committing matrimony.

Feeling inquisitive and wondering who the couple were to command the presence of so many of their clan, says London Opinion, the countryman turned to an archer nearby.

"Sonny," said he, "who is it being married?"

The small boy solemnly scratched his head for a full minute, as though contemplating his reply.

"Well, guv'nor," he remarked at length, "I ain't perfectly sure, but I fink it's the bloke and the gal wot's dressed up like 'am bones!"

"They say he is full of truthfulness."  
"He must be, if he ever was. I never heard him hand out any of it."

**D**UBBLEIGH'S car lay flat on its side and deep in the freshly ploughed field, having skidded off the road, through the low stone wall, to get there, says Harper's Weekly.

"Ah!" cried a passerby from the roadside; "had an accident?"

Dubbleigh tried to hold his tongue, but the strain was too much for him.

"No, of course not," he replied coldly. "I've just bought a new car and have brought my old one out here to bury it. Got a pickaxe and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I can't seem to dig very deep with my motor horn."

"Why did you nickname your wife 'Circumstances'?"  
"She's something over which I have no control."

**W**E owe a lot to accident. Here are one or two of the thousand accidents that led to great discoveries or inventions. A party of Phoenicians carrying a cargo of soda once landed on the seashore and built a fire on the sand. They used lumps of soda to prop up the kindling under the intense heat into glass. And thus, according to the old tale, glass was discovered. A band of pioneers lit a campfire one night in the wilderness. The ground caught fire and glowed redly. They had built their blaze on an outcropping vein of coal and learned thus of its presence and its burning qualities. An apple dropped on the head of a philosopher who was dozing in an orchard. The philosopher was Isaac Newton, and the dropping apple started him to working out the theory of "gravitation." Galileo in a Pisa church chanced to notice that the long bar of a chandelier swayed a little to one side. And from that he got his first clue to the knowledge that the earth revolved instead of standing still as people had always believed.

**The Day's Good Stories****Chicago's Only Grocer.**

**B**OR MEED kept a grocery store in Chicago. A little girl came in one day and said: "Give me five cents' worth of flour, please."

Bob laid down the sack of flour, and as he was about to hand it to the girl, he noticed that she was holding a small bag of flour in her hand.

"Ah, ain't there nobody who sold flour in this town but me?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Worth It.**

**M**ANY months had passed since first he met the sweet, sweet girl, says Answers. He loved her dearly, but he was a selfish boy, and his suit made but slow progress. Finally it was the girl who decided to improve the shining hour and add a trifle to the pace of the proceedings. To make up her mind was to act, and the very next time the young man called, she pointed to the rose that adorned his button.

**She Knew the Symptoms.**

**T**HERE is a certain bright English actress who comes over here every year or two to play an engagement, says the Saturday Evening Post. Among her admirers on this side is a middle-aged theatrical man of a serious turn of mind. He is courting, but has been called in vain.

**"Our Baby"**

(11. HIS FIRST ARGUMENT)  
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By Eleanor Schorer

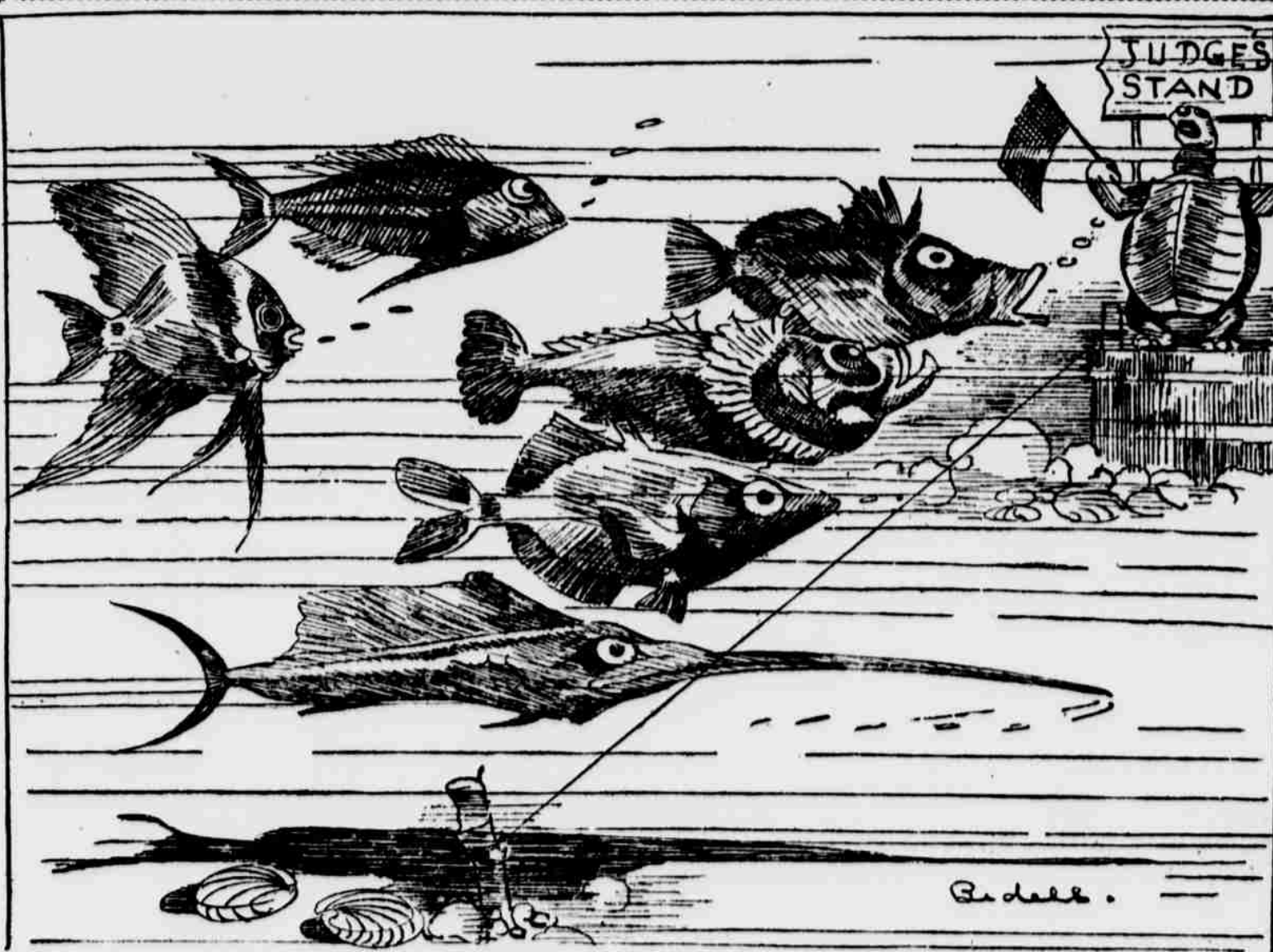


"Just see the way that little rascal can hold his own! Such spirit! Why, day!"—(That is what daddy is saying to mother.)

**Deep Water Doings**

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By C. S. Bedell



The Great Submarine Handicap. (Won by a nose.)

One afternoon at her suite in a New York hotel the sprightly lady was browsing a dish of tea for a couple of newspaper men. The telephone bell rang and the hostess answered the call.

"Yes," she said, "this is Miss Blank—What? Oh, Mr. Blank calling, is it? Then, in a tone of weary resignation, 'Very well, send him right on.' She hung up the receiver and turned to the newspaper men.

**Misplaced Kindness.**

**E**VER to let water, always in trouble, without out of a scrape, he was by far the most boy in the class and the terror of the school mistress.

"What you ought to do," said Mrs. Winterson, "is to let him have a good scolding."

**Shenandoah**

A Civil War Romance of Sheridan's Ride

By Henry Tyrrell

(Founded on Bronson Howard's Great Play)

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Confederate armies are battling in 1862 for possession of the Shenandoah Valley. Belle Bonnet, a Shenandoah country house, across the Potomac, is the scene of a party given by the Bonnets. Among the guests are Col. Kerchival West, of the Union army, and Gen. Haverhill, a Southern girl. They secretly love each other but maintain a delicate reserve.

Gen. Haverhill is in command of a Union regiment. He is a brave and noble man, but is a Southerner at heart. He is a friend of the Bonnets. He is a friend of the Bonnets. He is a friend of the Bonnets.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

(Continued.)

**"It's Only a Battle!"**

**"D**ON'T excite yourself, Kerchival—you must be quiet, or I will not say another word. As for the letter—never mind, I know it by heart, and if you like I can repeat what you so much desired to read. She wrote—

—Constance did, to me: 'If Kerchival West had heard you say, as I did, when your face was hidden in my bosom that night, that you loved him with your whole heart—'

Josephus Orangeblossom, on a mule without saddle, dashed up from the direction of the Pike, shouting: 'Mia Gertrude! Marra Rob, he done get a yard around dis house, but taint no use now, for de Yanks is runnin' away. We's got 'em hoked, Mizzy, we sho' has!'

"Begun, the naygur's right," confirmed Sergt. Barker. "The grayback divils have sprung up out of the ground. They're pourin' over our lift flank like Noah's own flood. Our camp is wiped out and they've got our guns and wagons and wounded and prisoners, and the whole Union army is starting to beat it down the hills to Winchester. Worse luck! Col. West, yonder is your own regiment in full retreat!"

—"Yer horse, is it? Hooro! I'm wid ya, Colonel! There's a row at Finnegan's ball and we're goin' to be it!" "Kerchival! Please! Gertrude! throw her arms around him. 'You must not go! You may be dying!'

"Dying, nothing! I'm all right, now, Gertrude, my life! My regiment won't retreat any further unless it retreats over my dead body!"

"Here's yer horse, Colonel! Now, give me that mule ye black contraband navy!" called Barker, wild with joy, to the rolling-eyed Josephus.

"Goodby, Gertrude, darling! Tell Madeline! Pray for us!"

And two flying figures hurried themselves down the hillside into the roaring maelstrom of battle that filled the valley.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

(Continued.)

**"Tell How I Died—Not How I Lived."**

**B**UT before the events of the preceding chapter—before the love and his dash into the battle—had ensued a scene which threatened to change several lives. A scene which made West's rash deed rank insubordination against his commanding officer.